

For The Tribune.
SCHILLER.

BY ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

"Keep true to the Dream of thy Youth."

The Dream of Youth! ah, no! it never forsakes thee—

The worshiped ideal of thy boyhood's time;

Still pure and beautiful as when it took thee

To cross the Holy-Land of Truth sublime.

So earnest thy belief—in later age

The visions of thy childhood stayed to bless thee;

Though Sorrow dimmed the lustre of Life's page,

And shadows deepened round, and pains oppressed

thee.

The beauty of the being still caressed thee—

All still doth thou reverie thin dream.

And woe fair Nature as thy loveset bride—

Still from thy soul did Faith's pure radiance stream—

And so the Angel of thy youth, thy guide,

Walked, in white raiment clad, forever at thy side!

August 15, 1847.

ON THE OUTWARD PASSAGE OF THE SHIP HOW-

QUA, CAPT. PALMER, TO CHINA, WHEN NEAR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, A SEAMAN NAMED JOHN MORE, FROM CHARLESTON, S. C., WAS LOST OVERBOARD. THE SEA RUNNING HIGH, ALL EFFORTS TO SAVE HIM PROVED FRUITLESS.—A FUNERAL SERMON WAS PREACHED ON BOARD A FEW DAYS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, BY ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES, AND THE FOLLOWING HYMN, COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, BY MRS. LUCY M. CARPENTER, OF THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSION, WAS SUNG. THE HYMN DOES CREDIT TO THE HEAD AND HEART OF THE WRITER, AND WE DOUBT NOT WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST, ESPECIALLY BY THE RELATIVES OF THE LOST MAN, AMONG WHOM IS A SISTER RESIDING AT CHARLESTON.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN MORE.

Drowned of Capt. Good Hope, Feb. 8, 1847.

Farewell, brother, we shall miss thee

When the lonely hours beginning;

We're to go for social converse met;

When the raging winds sweep o'er us,

Hastening to our post well mizzen;

Brother! thou art in thy grave!

In thy grave! yet never o'er thee

Flower shall spring or willow wave;

No paean marble guard thy slumbers,

No fond tears thy ashes leave!

They who loved shall long bewail thee,

Long for thee a sister weep;

Fare away, while watchful angels

Have their charge thy dust to keep,

Peace to thee, O gentle brother!

In thy lonely ocean bed,

Nought shall break thy dreamless slumber;

Till the sea gives up its dead.

Step and voice are hushed forever,

Speaking eye and thoughtful brow,

But a still small voice within us

Asks, "Where dwells the spirit now?"

Go to God!—to him who loudly

Speaks once, "ye twice, to us,

By his judgments, by his mercies,

By the love that spares us thus.

When life's troubled voyage is ended,

When death's chilling tide we stem,

When for judgment we assemble,

What shall be our answer then?

Sales at the Stock Exchange.—THURSDAY,

gold \$100.00—silver .100—copper .65—

gold 1000 China .100—silver .65—copper .65

2000 Kentucky .100—silver .65—copper .65

3000 1000 Sp. & Co. .65—silver .65—copper .65

5 N Y Ins. & Tr. Co. .125—silver .125—copper .125

2000 Read. Bds. .100—silver .100—copper .100

2000 1000 Ind. & Co. .100—silver .100—copper .100

5000 1000 Ind. & Co. .100—silver .100—copper .100